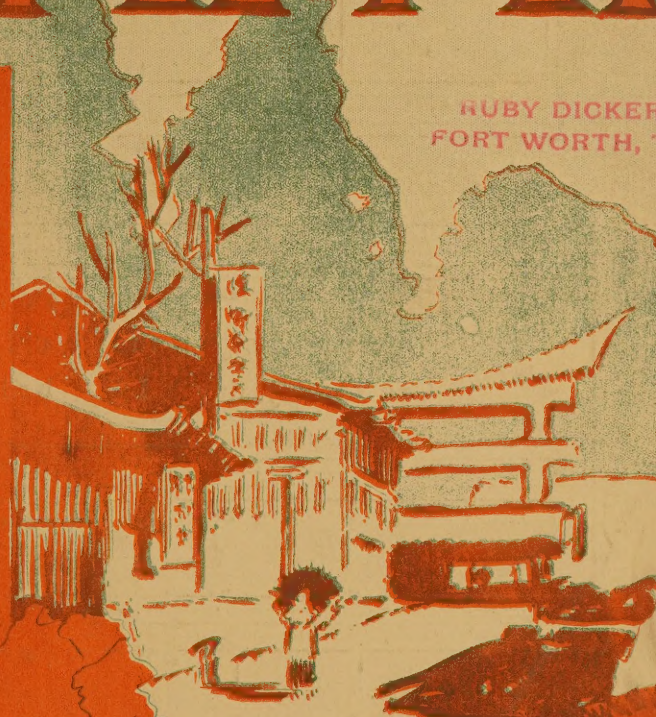
POPPY-TIME IN OLD JAPAN

RUBY DICKER
FORT WORTH,



WORDS BY
ERNEST J. MEYERS

MUSIC BY
WILL E. DULMAGE

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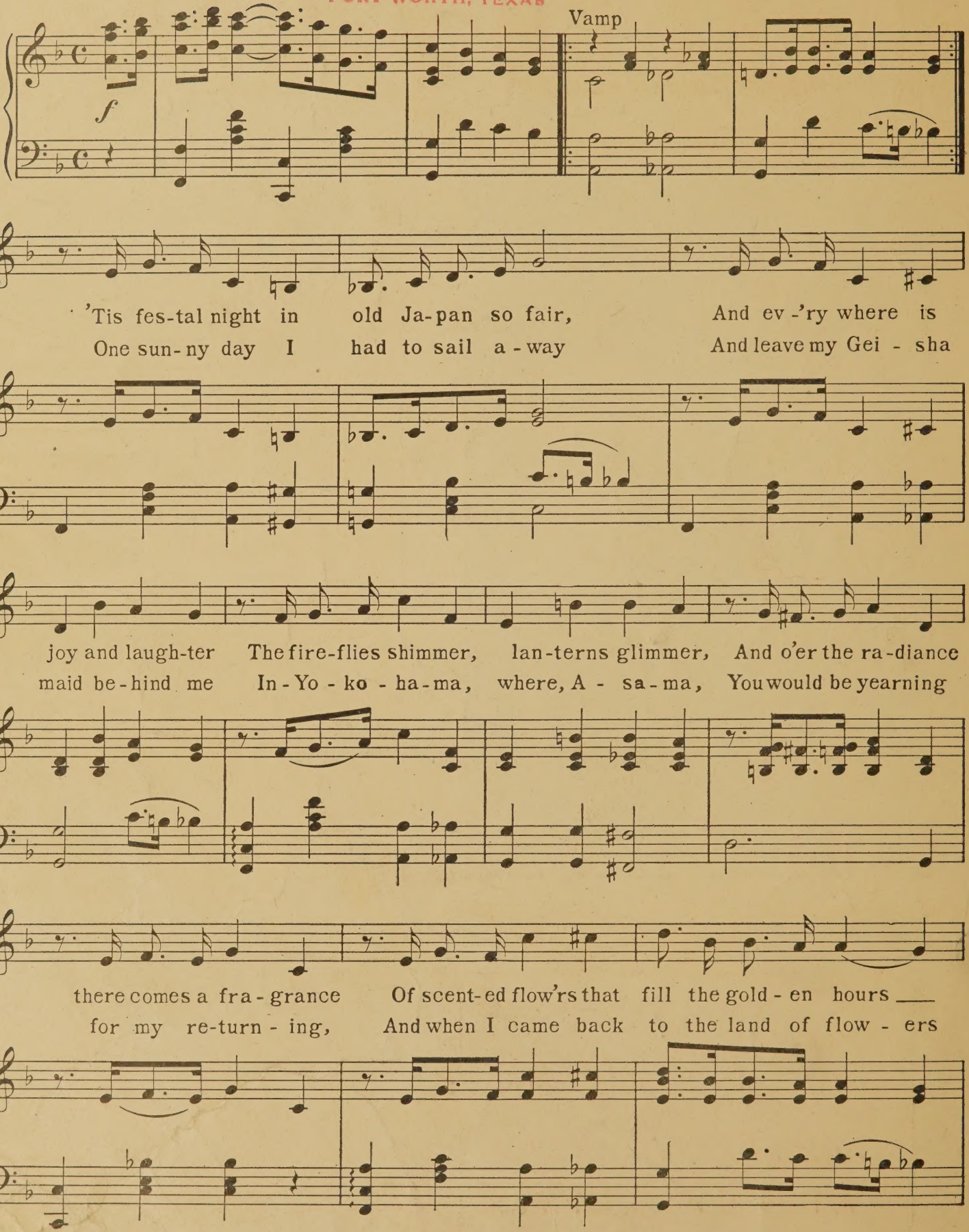
"Poppy Time in Old Japan"

Words by
E. J. MEYERS

Music by
WILL E. DULMAGE

RUBY DICKERSON
FORT WORTH, TEXAS


Vamp
f
'Tis fes-tal night in old Ja-pan so fair, And ev-'ry where is
One sun-ny day I had to sail a-way And leave my Gei - sha
joy and laugh-ter The fire-flies shimmer, lan-terns glimmer, And o'er the ra-diance
maid be-hind me In-Yo-ko-ha-ma, where, A - sa-ma, You would be yearning
there comes a fra-grance Of scent-ed flow'rs that fill the gold-en hours
for my re-turn-ing, And when I came back to the land of flow - ers

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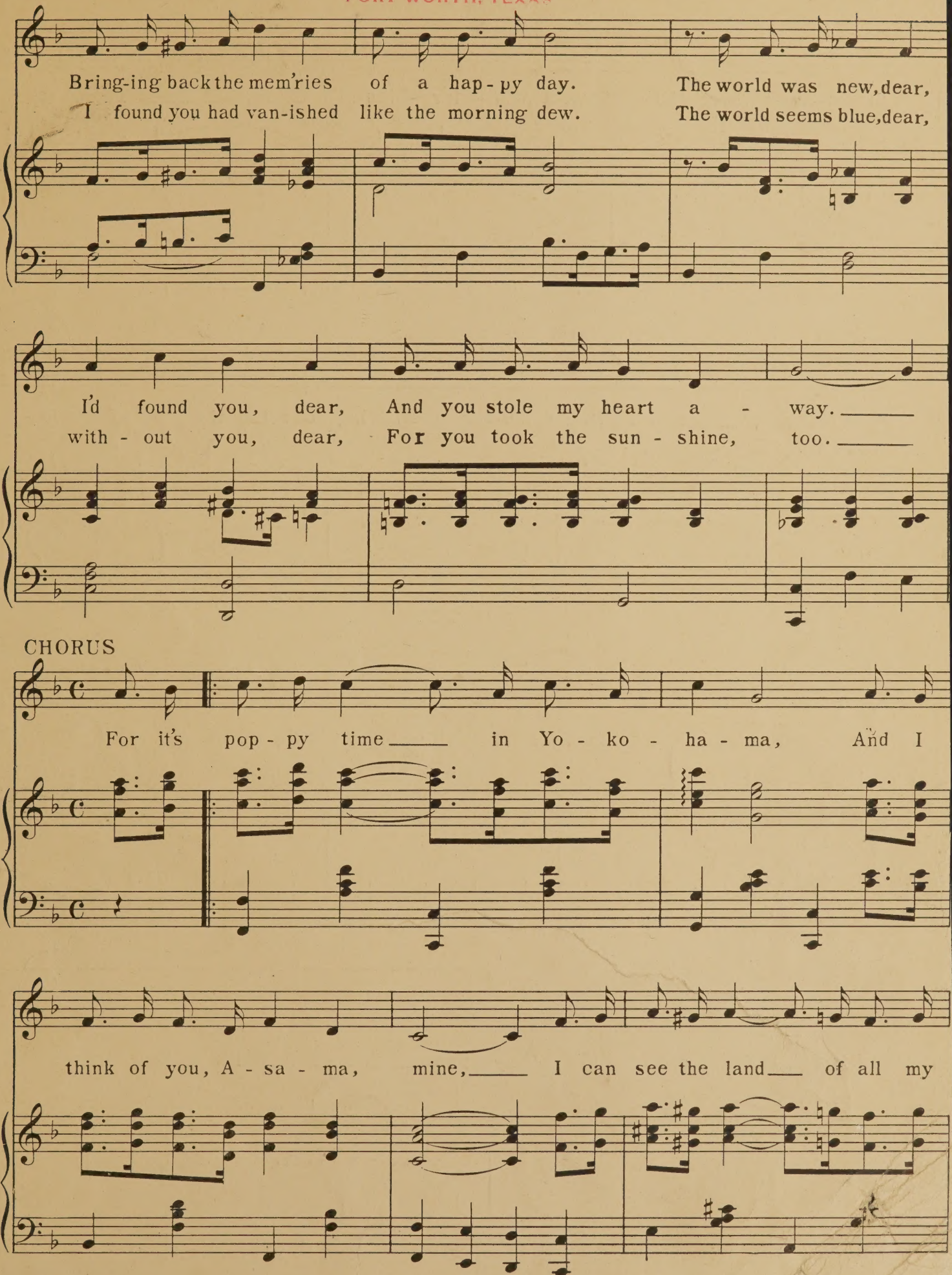
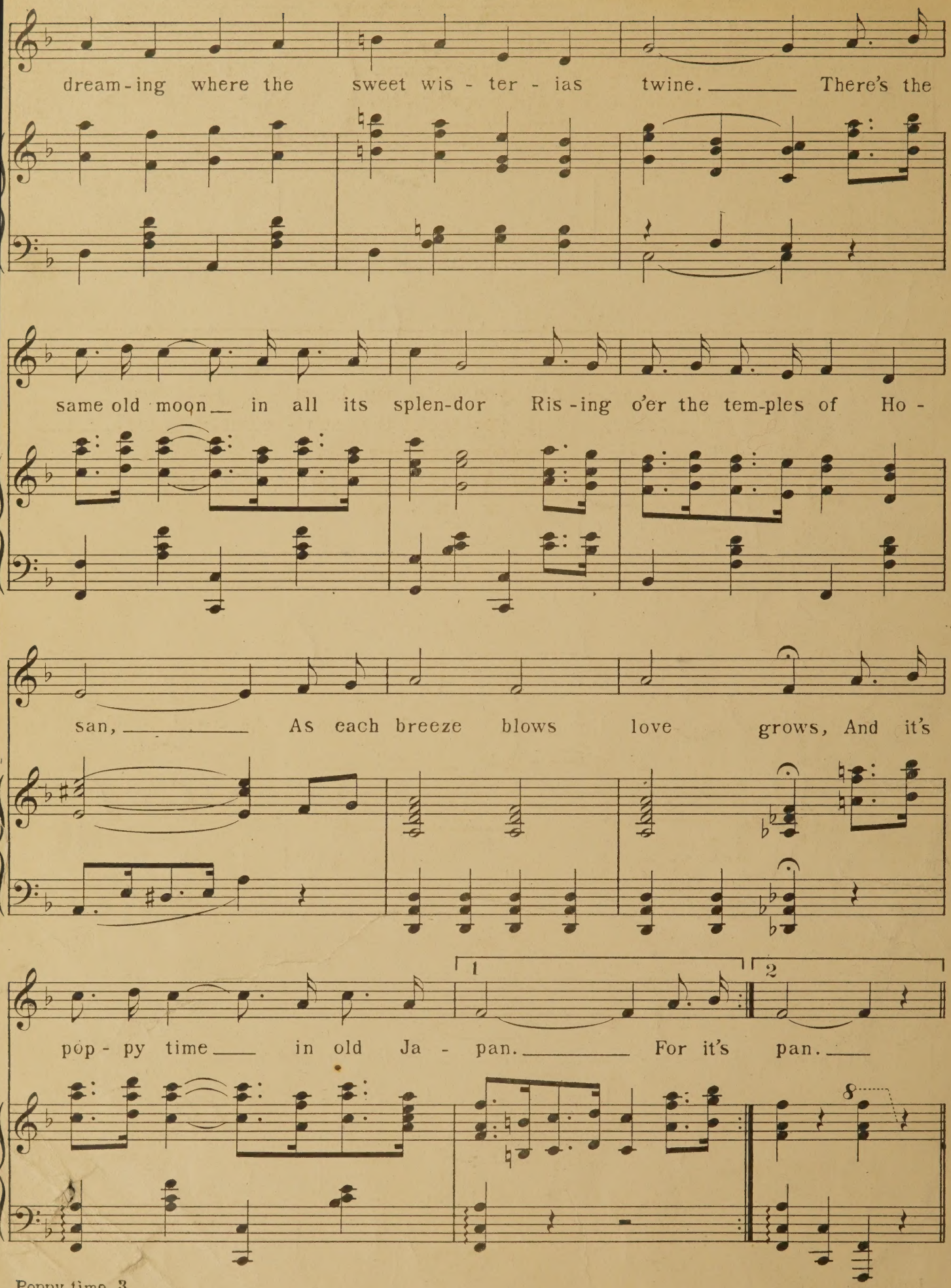
RUBY DICKERSON
FORT WORTH, TEXAS


Bring-ing back the mem'ries of a hap-py day. The world was new, dear,
I found you had van-ished like the morning dew. The world seems blue, dear,
I'd found you, dear, And you stole my heart a - way.
with - out you, dear, For you took the sun - shine, too.
CHORUS
For it's pop - py time in Yo - ko - ha - ma, And I
think of you, A - sa - ma, mine, I can see the land of all my

UPB


dream-ing where the sweet wis - ter - ias twine. There's the
same old moon in all its splen-dor Ris-ing o'er the tem-ples of Ho -
san, As each breeze blows love grows, And it's
pop - py time in old Ja - pan. For it's pan.
1
2
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